

THE

DEATH AND BURIAL

OF

COCK ROBIN:

A S

Taken from the original MANUSCRIPT, in
the Possession of

MASTER MEANWELL.

LICEFIELD :

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A. MORGAN, *Stafford.*

LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST,
Sat upon a rail ;
Niddle noddle went his head,
And wag went his tail.



Go, pretty bird, and speed thy flight,
And give the little girl delight ;
To *Polly's* window take thy way,
Who scorns to leave her book for play ;
Then sing to her the song of truth,
That love of learning in a youth,
Is the best virtue ever seen ;
And makes the lowest like a queen.

(3)

Here lies Cock Robin,
Dead and cold ;



His end, this book,
Will soon unfold.

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The DEATH and BURIAL of

An ELEGY on
The DEATH and BURIAL of
C O C K R O B I N.

WHO killed *Cock Robin*?
I, says the *Sparrow*,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed *Cock Robin*.



This is the *Sparrow*,
With his bow and arrow.

Who

Who saw him die ?
I, said the *Fly*,
With my little eye ;
And I saw him die.

This is the *Fly*,
With his little eye.



Who caught his blood ?
I, said the *Fish*.
With my little dish ;
And I caught his blood.

This

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This is the *Fish*,
That held the dish.



Who made his shroud?
I, said the *Beetle*,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.

This

COCK ROBIN.

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This is the *Beetle*,
With his thread and needle.



Who shall dig his grave?
I, said the *Owl*.
With my spade and show'l,
And I'll dig his grave.

This

The DEATH and BURIAL of

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's grave.



Who will be the parson?

I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

Here's parson Rook,
A reading his book.

Who

COCK ROBIN.

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Who will be the clerk ?
I, said the *Lark*,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I will be the clerk.



The DEATH and BURIAL of

Behold how the *Lark*,
Says Amen, like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the *Kite*,
If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to his grave.

Behold the *Kite*,
How he takes his flight.



Who

COCK ROBIN.

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Who will carry the link ?
I, said the *Linnet*,
I'll fetch it in a minute ;
And I'll carry the link.

Here's the *Linnet* with a light,
Altho' 'tis not night.



Who'll be the chief mourner ;
I, said the *Dove*.
For I mourn for my love ;
And I'll be the chief mourner.

Here's



Here's a pretty *Dove*,
That mourn'd for her love.

Who'll bear the pall ;
We, says the *Wren*,
Both the cock and the hen,
And we'll bear the pall.

See the *Wrens* so small,
Who held *Cock Robin's* pall.

Who'll



Who'll sing the psalm?
 I, says the *Thrush*,
 As she sat in a bush;
 And I'll sing a psalm.

The

Here's a fine *Thrush*,
Singing psalms in a bush.



Who will toll the bell?
I, says the *Bull*,
Because I can pull,
So *Cock Robin* farewell!



All the birds in the air,
Fell to fighting and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll,
For poor *Cock Robin*.

F I N I S.

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